

THE FIELD AFAR



MARYKNOLL



KWONGHOI—OUTLOOK FROM THE MISSIONERS' HOUSE

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.
(LEGAL TITLE)

VOLUME XXI
MARCH

NUMBER III
1 9 2 7

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NOTE OUR ADVERTISERS



THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1927



DRIFTWOOD FROM THE SUPERIOR

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR'S MISSIONARY VISITATION OF 1926

PENGYANG is a good-sized city, with no fewer than sixty-five thousand inhabitants, among whom the Catholic Church is almost as much lost as a Syrian congregation might be in Chicago.

There was a hitch in leaving the railway station, an up-to-date structure with an overhead passenger bridge and all modern regulations. It seems that our host and Fr. Chisholm had boarded our train from another railroad without purchasing tickets, and, arrived at his home town, Fr. Cleary was "all but arrested."

The process of release took a full quarter of an hour. In the meantime, the guests had made a successful sortie and had found a line-up of notables with a platoon of the fair sex at the end, all waiting to make formal bows to the honorable visitors.

The bows were exchanged, but this ceremony furnished the opportunity to comment, for two of us at least, on world happenings, crops, and more important subjects.

We could only stand and be measured by the friendly eyes, and this we did for about ten minutes, then the reception committee escorted us to a small automobile, into which the eight of us crowded and were gassed into Broadway without more ado. Broadway is not so broad, but it is very long and lined with stores, so numerous that the passing of westerners made no impression—perhaps because so many of our Protestant brethren have for years been in evidence here.

When we left the car, it was only to enter an obscure alley-way that led us past a neglected temple, upward, over a tortuous, rough walk to the Catholic compound. A wall surrounds this, and the open gateway revealed the parish and its belongings.

The parish, at least the portion of the flock that lives in Pengyang, was wait-

ing to give the welcome courtesies. There, too, was Fr. Kim, the Korean priest, who is actually presiding as shepherd and about whom I had heard many praises. I noted also the two Korean Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres who had been allowed by their Superior to continue, at least for a time, their service to the Maryknoll mission.

The church lay before us as at Gishu, a steepled brick structure, built to hold a few hundred people. There were small houses scattered about that I should see later, but, according to the program, we had first to receive a blessing from the King of Kings, and then assemble outside for presentations.

Here again, kind sentiments were expressed by a capable Korean, and, to my surprise, there came a gift of money.

Now, money is always a delicate subject, and those who know Maryknollers will wonder that their representative, on this occasion, could feel embarrassed. Money is our daily bread at home, and, without it, Maryknoll would wither and die. To the day of my departure, it had arrived, and my very travel money had been the gift of two friends—one, by the way, a non-Catholic; the other, a very generous priest.

But for five months, I had been lightening my purse, and, in all that time, had added to it only twice—once, in France, when an American who loves Maryknoll gave me a generous amount to divide among some of our missionaries along the way; and once in China when a well-to-do Catholic (a Chi-

nese) made an unusually large offering for a few Masses that he wished to have said for some special intentions.

And here, in Korea, from a flock of poor natives, was a gift of money. I was truly relieved when Fr. Cleary whispered that the little church needed very badly a piece of carpet for the altar platform and steps, also a lamp for the sanctuary; and that the gatherings could be available for these two purchases.

If, then, you visit Pengyang within the next few years, ask to see these memorials of the 1926 Number One visitation.

It was Sunday afternoon, and we had some time to spare for an inspection of the compound at Pengyang and for a walk around the city. What I recall especially in this compound is the domicile of Fr. Cleary, which is somewhat less grandiose (!) than that of the Hiken pastor. Cozy, that is the word, if the temperature is not below zero or extremely high, and it was just right that April day.

It is or was a one-room house about eight by fourteen feet, but, to assure some privacy and to give play to his imagination, Fr. Cleary ran a wall half-way into the room so that now he has an alcove bedroom and a cozy, cozy study.

The front entrance, as at Fr. Sweeney's, is a sliding door of stiff paper, at such a height that the occupant gets considerable exercise in the course of the day as he enters and leaves.

Yet, Fr. Cleary likes his little cabin which is delightfully neat, and, although

AN OPPORTUNITY

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A NATIVE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
With Fr. Cleary in a Korean background

the school children a few feet away cry their lessons aloud, he finds quiet for his language study. Across the small courtyard is Fr. Kim to smile an occasional greeting.

The compound at Pengyang is much better than the approach would indicate. It has a commanding view—a fine one—of the city and its surroundings, and, if additions could be made to it, would be quite an ideal spot.

We cast sheep's eyes in several directions, and sighed, as we often do, because our Mother Knoll is still so young with mortgage interests to meet and many babes crying for milk. Then, leaving the compound, we made what circuit of the city we could compass in a two hours' walk.

We returned through the Protestant quarter and it was only then, as we sauntered for an hour by sightly buildings—a college, schools of all grades, residences, hospitals, churches—that I could understand the allusion to Pengyang as a fortress of Protestantism in Korea.

Among the buildings is a theological seminary which, in a handbook of missions, is referred to as the largest in the world.

Protestants have been in Korea about forty years. Presbyterians and Methodists (there are many Americans among

these) cooperate. There are also missions of the English Church, the Seventh Day Baptist, the Salvation Army, the Russian Orthodox, and the Oriental Missionary Society, and these combined denominations number what



Photo by Fr. Chisholm
NATIVE SISTERS WHO MET
THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR
AT CHINNAMPO

These two Korean Sisters have
been kindly allowed to remain
for a time

is referred to as a "total Christian constituency" of more than two hundred and fifteen thousand. The total number of communicants is about eighty-seven thousand.

In Pengyang our separated brethren claim that one out of every nine persons is a "Christian," by which they understand a Protestant.

Protestant visitors are urged in the handbook mentioned above to take a Ford out into the country "where on each side of the road you can see church buildings, here and there, Methodist and Presbyterian, one within every two or three miles." One of the Protestant institutions in the Pengyang district is the Hugh O'Neill (sic) Junior Boys' Academy (attendance three hundred).

That walk through Pengyang certainly made us of the old faith more thoughtful than usual. What a start our American separated brethren have on us in Korea—as elsewhere for that matter!

And why did not we open our eyes years ago? Today, we face a much less hopeful prospect than we should have had before the tide of materialism began to rise. And we face also misconceptions of the Catholic Church; misstatements that must be effaced before the truth can be made known by the Spouse of Christ.

On the other hand, examples of energy, and, at times, of self-denial on the part of our separated brethren should have some good effect on well disposed subjects and will be a stimulus to American Catholic missionaries who, though coming later into this Korean field, will realize the better possibilities that lie before them.

Incidentally, I have learned that four-fifths of the Protestant Churches in Korea pay *all* their own bills; that, exclusive of the salaries of missionaries and of money received for mission property, the contributions of Protestant Koreans more than double the sum total of grants made by mission boards for "evangelistic, educational, and medical work"; and that the Koreans support two hundred and eighty-four native pastors.

All of this is decidedly heartening to the Catholic missioner who might be tempted to think that his only hope of mission revenue lies in the homeland.

We were late for supper, but the "boys" in Eastern Asia do not grumble if the master is tardy. The "movies" are not too near, and, even if they were, they cost money, and every copper counts for a missioner's man-of-all-work.

Fr. Kim was with us and we moved the banquet-hall from Fr. Cleary's sixty-eight (!) to the schoolroom across the courtyard. Here we relished our homely meal much more than if it were the acme of culinary art and served in a royal palace or in an American hotel de luxe.

We had yet to visit Chinnampo-by-the-sea where Fr. Duffy hangs his only hat and hums "home, sweet home" when all goes well.

As we were due in Yeng You Monday afternoon, we were obliged to make a very early start, but, even at four-thirty, at the bottom of the morning, there was a good sprinkling of people at Mass. Doubtless there would have been many more had they known that the Holy Sacrifice would be offered at that early hour. An electric car brought us to the station and we reached Chinnampo in an hour.

Fr. Lane and Fr. Chisholm had gone ahead of us Sunday evening, having a better chance to find a corner for rest than in Fr. Cleary's sleeping car. They were finishing Masses when we arrived shortly after seven o'clock.

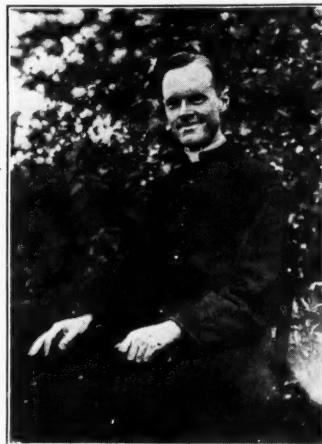
Chinnampo is not large, but it looks like a town with a future, and Fr. Duffy is keenly interested in making the Catholic element strong in numbers as well as in example.

Here again is a knoll rising above the town, filled with houses and shops, which would almost seem to have been set aside expressly for a Catholic beacon. On this knoll is a Church, about the size and form of that at Pengyang, and a priest's house, much restricted, a school, and a small convent for two native Sisters.

Directly behind is a large public recreation ground, extending into an attractive park, which must have cost the enterprising Japanese Government several hundred thousands of dollars.

The Church property may before

My resolution for Lent—not my will but HIS be done.



REV. PATRICK H. CLEARY, A. F. M.
Pastor at Pengyang

long be inadequate, but Fr. Duffy is confident that should this blessed condition eventuate, he can secure land in the vicinity if he can meet its cost.

It is surprising, however, to find that in Korea, as in practically all towns and cities of Asia, land valuations are quite as high as at home, sometimes much higher. These valuations have jumped there as here in the past few years.

Fr. Duffy's congregation at Chinnampo itself is not yet large, although it numbers several hundred. I was

surprised and, of course, pleased to learn that, including out-stations, he has some fourteen hundred Christians, a total almost as large as the congregation at Pengyang with its outposts (sixteen hundred in all).

Fr. Duffy laid himself—and his cook—out to give us the best he had for lunch, and we were strong enough to arrive in good time at the railway station.

We were now headed for the great reunion at Yeng You, the finale. We had to change cars at Pengyang and here we found Frs. Cleary and Kim, with a delegation from the parish, all happy in anticipation of the morrow's celebration at Yeng You.

How easy it is to know the Korean Catholics! Out of a score of passers-by on the platform, some man or a woman drawing near would suddenly come to a halt and make a profound bow. The men I noticed seemed to be always solemn on such occasions, but the women, if given the slightest encouragement, reacted with a smile that said unmistakably, "We are proud and pleased to greet you."

Yeng You, as I have said, is not on the main line. It is, in fact, some four to seven miles inland (I state the extremes given to me by different guessers). We certainly expected that something magnificent would be staged at

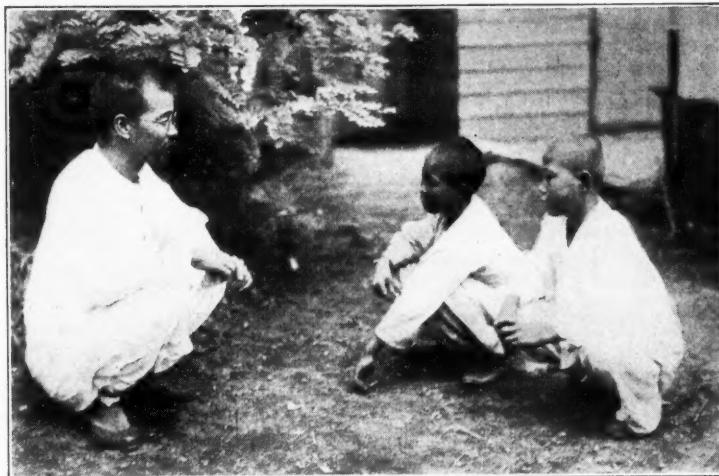


Photo by Fr. Chisholm

FATHER DUFFY'S COOK AT CHINNAMPO

"He makes good coffee," says his employer, "but many of his other creations leave room for argument!"

TODAY NOT TOMORROW

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same.

You of comparatively small means, will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time you will be furthering the cause of foreign missions. We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

the railway station itself by the popular and efficient pastor, as we set foot within his parish lines, but Fr. Morris was not in evidence.

Had we mistaken the day? No, we were getting salutations from a "line-up" of local parishioners, but these salutations could not carry us over the hills.

There were no conveyances in sight except some rickshaws, and no telephone. We piled our satchels on a rickshaw, and, heading a procession in white made up of our happy friends, the Pengyang delegates and their Yeng You coreligionists, we passed quickly beyond the village limits and found ourselves on a well-graded road, climbing easily through a delightful hill country that was already greening under the April sun.

We were sure that something had happened to keep Fr. Morris, but we were just as well pleased so long as a threatening rain held off. We needed that walk, and the flock behind us could follow their shepherds more easily than if we had been provided with automobiles or even rickshaws. It was a real old-fashioned pilgrimage and lacked only some banners.

Within two miles of the famous Yeng You, as we made a turn in the road, our host met us with what rickshaws he could requisition.

He was "desolated," of course, embarrassed, sad, mortified, in the extreme, but he made a speedy recovery, and together we continued the journey. What had happened was that the Yeng You Auto-Bus Company (one car) had broken down on the wrong day.

THE new Chinese monthly of Shanghai carries a supplement of rotogravure pictures that would do credit to any similar western publication.

A Rhode Island priest writes:

It may please you to know that the Maryknoll publications—purchased sometime ago—are constantly used in the reading room of our village library.

It does please us very much; only it makes us wish that a few hundred—rather than a few—libraries in this wide country of ours carried Maryknoll publications.

We learn, by the way, that some of them are now in the libraries of Pacific liners.

The steamer *President Wilson*, sailing through the Golden Gate on January 29, carried two of our Maryknoll Sisters bound for Korea, Sr. M. Genevieve Beez to Yeng You as superior, and Sr. M. Dolorine Tom to Gishu.

Sr. Genevieve is from Defiance, Ohio; and Sr. Dolorine from Stanton, Texas.

So come they from the scattered points in the homeland to go overseas to the ends of the earth—all for Christ, the King!

Give these Sisters a prayer now while you think of them.

The movement for belated vocations recalls a similar idea expressed in a letter written to the editor of THE FIELD AFAR in 1913 by the late Monsignor D. J. McMahon, then Supervisor of Catholic Charities in New York.

Monsignor McMahon wrote:

Your latest number of THE FIELD AFAR brings me to express a thought that has long been in my mind.

There are doubtless a number of young men who have had their education interfered with by the necessity of going to work. I am sure that we could establish an old time Latin class for working boys and thus develop vocations.

A British freighter, the *City of Naples*, was wrecked in a typhoon last summer in a reef one hundred

and fifty miles south of the Japanese coast. Several merchant ships found the conditions too bad to attempt rescue; but an S O S. reached Tokyo, and the Japanese Government sent a cruiser into the raging seas.

When near the reef, a small boat was launched, and, unable to reach the sinking freighter with a line, an officer and three other plucky little Japanese swam to it, saving seventy-four men.

Dairen (Dalny), a Japanese controlled city in Manchuria, North China, interests Maryknollers inasmuch as some of their future efforts will be expended therein.

At the close of an article that appeared in a great American daily, we have noted the following reference:

A Japanese gentleman, largely responsible for the development of Dairen, was complimented by a visitor who characterized the city as finer than any in Japan. The Japanese smiled and shook his head saying, "Dairen is a fine modern city, but it has no soul."

The Mesdames of the Sacred Heart are establishing a school for "high class" Chinese girls in Shanghai.

This is good work, especially in a country where "face" means so much. "Face?" you ask. Yes, it is best to get accustomed to the use of this word which is as commonly used in Eastern Asia as "prestige" is here.

Some of the Mesdames, on their way to Shanghai, were guests of the Maryknoll Sisters at Hongkong. We learn that one, Mother Foy, is an Australian, another Italian, a third French, and two lay Sisters, Maltese.

Over in Hongkong, Fr. Downs prepares weekly a little sheet called the *Chiknoller* which goes to "all the brethren" and gives short items of interest to Maryknollers.

A duplicator with a gelatin pad is the "printing press" and it is

usually kept at the convent as it is the Sisters' property.

For a "special edition," Fr. Downs borrowed the pad one humid day, and, to keep it in good condition, he placed it in the ice box.

Imagine how his respected feet "went up in the air" when at lunch the "boy" brought in—the gelatin pad.

Catholics of America are delighted with the privilege the Rt. Rev. Simon Tsu, S. J., Vicar Apostolic of Swanhafu, has given them in allowing them to welcome him as he flies homeward.

Of the six Chinese bishops consecrated by His Holiness on October 28, Bishop Tsu has the territory which promises best for the future if we may judge by accomplishments of the past. He has a population within his field of 5,137,142 of whom 32,373 are Catholics, many of them of long standing. He has a splendidly organized mission of 156 communities divided into 13 districts, each with a church and residence for the missionaries. That he is gravely handicapped for priests is evident if we reflect on the fact that with only 19, he has 1,700 faithful per missioner. Our average in the United States is 800 per priest. It is clear that for any work among the pagans, he must be aided in building up his native clergy.

Maryknoll friends will recall that Bishop Tsu is from an old and widely esteemed Catholic family of Shanghai, with members of which Maryknoll has had contact for many years. His Lordship is fifty-eight years of age.

A few years ago there were no Chinese students in any American Catholic university or college. There are not many today, but there must be at least a score, and the following letter came from one at the University of Dayton, who writes cheerily:

Well, Father, how are you? Here is the good news to inform you and I think that it will please you. I saved a sum of money by curtailing my unnecessary expenses, which I employed to

purchase a typewriter. I am sure the typewriter will help me.

Many of the University of Dayton football players went to the camp to take the physical exercise. Though I rather study than play, yet, during the games I also go and yell for our team, to follow the tendencies of the other students and obey the orders of the athletic promoter.

I have been longing to go to Maryknoll to see you and to have a sight of the royal place; on the other hand, I might have a chance to observe the New York City, the greatest, the most prosperous and most magnificent city

Keep your stencil in our box.

in the whole world. I am sure I will go there before returning home.

I would never forget that when I was in Yeungkong, one of my schoolmates, a Protestant, once came in our convent to associate with Fr. Ford. I met him in the parlor when he came out from Fr. Ford's office saying that Fr. Ford is very virtuous. I know Fr. Ford's quality is more than this—he is also very active; he works too hard and rests too little.



RT. REV. SIMON TSU, S. J., D. D.

Bishop Tsu is one of the six newly consecrated Chinese bishops. He is a member of the Society of Jesus and belongs to a prominent Catholic family of Shanghai

SPREAD YOUR FAITH

THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1927

THE MIND OF ROME

ONE of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, who, by association, are known as the Maryknoll Sisters, was active in the foundation of the Alumnae of Catholic Colleges. Called to address her former colleagues at their annual meeting, she read a paper on "The Mind, the Will, the Heart of Rome" from which we quote:

At the beginning of the year of Jubilee, 1925, the Mind of Rome gave forcible expression to its mission interest in the great Vatican Mission Exhibit—that vast undertaking which so admirably represented the missionary labors of sons and daughters of the Church, covering all lands and all ages, from the time of the first great missioner, Christ, down to the latest comers into the field, America's priests, Brothers, and Sisters.

Not only did the Holy Father conceive the idea of this "University of Missionology"; he planned for it and followed step by step its development, its expansion. He encouraged and aided the workers near and afar. And finally, almost simultaneously with the opening of the Holy Door, he solemnly threw wide the portals that led into another "holy of holies"—the *via crucis* along which countless men and women have borne and yet bear the sign of salvation unto those who sit in the darkness of the valley of unbelief.

And, as if this were not sufficient to



THE LATERAN PALACE
Permanent home of the museum of missions

give testimony of the Mind of Rome, His Holiness took advantage of the Jubilee to place upon the altars of the Church her missioners. The Korean Martyrs, headed by a French bishop and French priests, were declared Blessed, and, side by side with these priestly ambassadors to a strange land, were other Frenchmen, foreign missioners also—the great religious to

whose works and sufferings America in a large measure owes her position as a Christian nation.

Then too was canonized the Little Queen of all missioners' hearts, Thérèse of the Child Jesus. You know the story of how her parents prayed for a son that they might consecrate him to the apostolate. Two boys were born, but lived only a short while. The pious hope of the family was not to be fulfilled literally, but the zeal of an apostle fired the soul of the Little Flower. "I would be a missionary," she writes, "I thirst for the martyr's crown."

Ill health prevented her from volunteering for a foreign Carmel—however, she adopted several missioners as spiritual brothers; she claimed the young martyr Théophane Vénard as a heavenly patron; she suffered and prayed for the extension of the Kingdom of God upon earth. Like her namesake the great St. Teresa, Thérèse was a missioner by virtue of works wrought through her intercession, and, since her death, the fairest of her roses have fallen upon the desolate lands of pagandom.



CLOISTER AND COURT OF THE LATERAN PALACE

MAKE CHRIST LOVED

TO CLIENTS OF ST. JOSEPH

As this is the month of special devotion to the Provider for the Holy Family, will you kindly ask St. Joseph to include in his intercession, the needs, spiritual and material, of Maryknoll at home and abroad?

A Profession of Faith

THE late Fr. Kennelly, S. J., who died recently after nearly fifty years of mission work in Shanghai, made the following profession of faith just before receiving Extreme Unction:

I thank God that I was born of Catholic parents and that I received a Catholic education.

I give thanks to God for my vocation to the society, to the priesthood, and to the splendid mission of Nanking.

I renew my vows in the presence of my superiors and I ask their pardon for my failings and for everything which may have scandalized the members of our society.

I accept death in union with Our Lord on the Cross, in reparation for my sins, and I offer it for the society and for the Chinese mission.

I die in the faith of Holy Church, fortified with her graces and with her sacraments. I submit all my writings to her censure and to her approval.

I believe that Extreme Unction blots out sins we have unwittingly forgotten, the dust of sins committed by the senses, both interior and exterior. I believe that this sacrament fortifies us against temptations and even restores the health of the body if that be useful.

Lord Jesus, enable me to receive this sacrament worthily. In Your infinite mercy, shorten my purgatory. Grant that after my death I may behold You in all Your glory and that I may love You throughout all eternity.

May the Holy Virgin, to whom I owe so much, Saint Joseph, patron of the dying, my good angel, Saint Martin, and all the blessed saints of our society help me to die a holy death and protect me at the last moment.

As our readers note these lines, the nephew of Fr. Kennelly, a young Maryknoll priest from the diocese of Hartford, is taking up his life work in China.

A prayer, please, that he may follow in the fragrance of his kinsman's virtues.

A ZEALOUS MISSIONER

FR. Lebbe, C. M., is today widely known for his work among Chinese students in European centers. The average American Catholic is less well acquainted with his fruitful and inspiring apostolate in China itself.

The method of preaching directly to pagans was inaugurated by Fr. Lebbe in 1911. Conference halls were opened at Tientsin and

in the country towns of the vicariate. Pagans who would never have approached the mission compound flocked to these halls. In the evenings, priests and catechists preached. They mingled freely with the audience and answered their questions.

The Chinese priests manifested great zeal in this new apostolate to their pagan compatriots. The late Fr. John Yang preached three times a week. He would go to the conference hall, after a strenuous day's labor, and remain there until midnight.

By 1916, there were, in Tientsin, some nine halls. The expenses of these halls were met by the Chinese Catholics and by some pagan friends on the threshold of the Kingdom.

In 1914 and 1915, the beautiful and spacious Canton Guild Hall, in the center of Tientsin, was rented for three days at a time. Fr. Lebbe, whom the Jesuit review, *Les Etudes*, has called "the Apostle of Tientsin," used to address the great audiences and keep them deeply interested for over an hour.

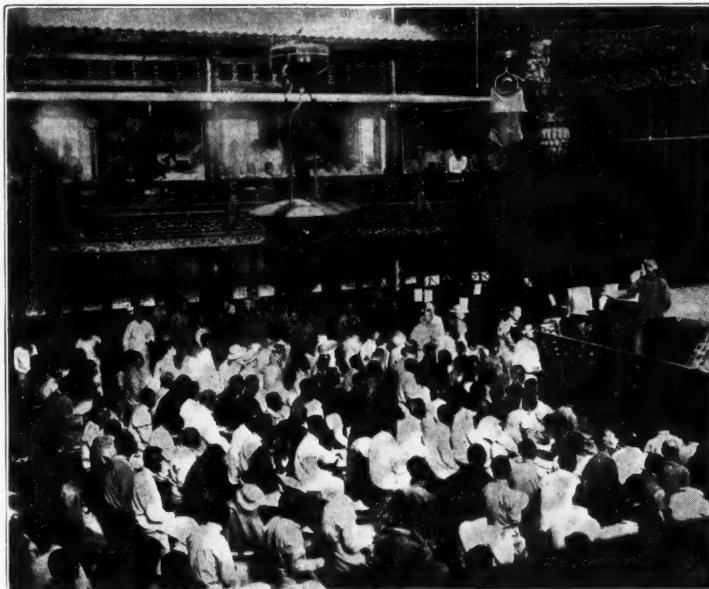
The famous Chinese literati and orators, Ying Lien Chih and Ma Siang Po, delivered remarkable addresses at these sessions. Both of these scholars have since been intimately connected with the Catholic University of Peking, founded by the American Benedictines of Saint Vincent's Archabbey, Beatty, Pennsylvania.

After the three days of conferences in 1915, about forty families expressed their readiness to embrace the Faith. God alone knows in how many honest souls the seed took root and later bore fruit.

On one occasion, Fr. Li Luke, a Chinese priest, was sitting unobserved among the audience. A pagan neighbor whispered confidentially into his ear, "Really, the Catholic religion is worthy of being studied, don't you think so?"

"I surely do," answered the Chinese priest with due gravity and entire conviction.

On November 4 of this year, Fr. Lebbe was invited to speak on the subject of the native clergy at an official reception given by the clergy of Rome to the six newly consecrated Chinese bishops.



THE APOSTOLIC FATHER LEBBE, C. M.
Preaching to a gathering of about three thousand pagans in the Canton Guild Hall at Tientsin. This photograph was taken in 1915

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

Father Sheridan From Sancian Island

FOR a young missioner, it is a privilege to begin one's missionary life on the very spot where St. Francis Xavier died nearly four hundred years ago. A visit to Sancian is a pilgrimage; to live here for the first days of one's apostolate is an inspiration.

An incident that deeply affected me during those first days was a walk that three of us took along the beach in front of the church. We were in Xavier's footsteps, tracking the sands that he knew so well as his anxious heart waited in vain for a boat to bring him to Canton. We three young American missionaries found ourselves suddenly quiet, while we were extolling in our minds the ardent saint's virtues.

Suddenly, one remarked: "What would Xavier have done had he been taken to Canton and dropped outside the walls of the city?" The answer is not easy to give. Possibly, he would have been cast into prison, which he feared not; possibly, God would have worked some miracle through him; perhaps he could have found passage to Peking, as his Jesuit confreres did soon after his death.

Humanly speaking, it seemed a hopeless task for Francis Xavier to attempt China as he knew neither the language nor the conditions to which he would be exposed. But he had been through similar difficulties. This is the fool-hardiness of Christ's followers.

There is an undeniable spell that the life of Xavier casts o'er us all. His radiant zeal, his sanctity and ardor, but especially his magnificent love of God and men appeal to Catholic, Protestant, and unbeliever. And yet, the true story of Francis is too little known.

The new missioner realizes that a strange language must not only be learned but mastered if ever he is to use well the talents given him by God. Xavier met that problem on a dozen occasions at least, as he was faced with the necessity of learning no fewer than twelve dialects. The impression is too often given that St. Francis was endowed with the gift of tongues which obviated considerably the inconvenience of studying. Yet, we know that Xavier gave days of hard and laborious con-

centration to the task of acquiring the strange languages of the people among whom Providence seemed to place him. As to the gift of tongues, the probability seems to be that two occasions at most saw that power in use.

It is worthy of recall in these days when the problem of a native clergy is paramount on the missions that one of the staunchest supporters of the doctrine that now pervades mission circles was none other than St. Francis.

A little booklet prepared by a son of Ignatius tells the intensity of the apostle's desire to see established a seminary for the training of youths. The writer recalls a once prosperous Jesuit college and seminary at Goa whose rector was a certain Father G.

A queer character was this Father G., a type still found in the civil service (British) which every year finds new reasons why Indians are incapable of governing themselves; why they should be trained for centuries in humble positions to learn the secrets of administration—and so on, and so on. With good Father G., racial superiority set limits to the Kingdom of God, and missions were ecclesiastical colonies where the dark skin might pray, but the white man must rule.

St. Francis had left Father G. at the head of a seminary full of Indian lads. But the Father thought that St. Francis was too new to India to know the "natives"; that they were racially unfit for the priesthood; that they were temperamentally incapable of gracing such a



Photo by Fr. Rauschenbach

LOOKING ACROSS THE CHINA SEA

When the Archbishop of Goa and the Bishop of Macao dropped anchor at Sancian. Fr. O'Melia with Fr. Rauschenbach received the dignitaries

FOR ONE YEAR — \$1

high dignity; that they might make good catechists, perhaps, but that the altar and vestments and the incense would make them proud and turn their heads. No sooner had St. Francis turned his back than one Indian seminarian after another was told to leave.

When St. Francis came back and went to the seminary, he discovered that all the students were white and he had difficulty in controlling his feelings. The rector was changed.

Xavier will be the inspiration of every American missionary on Sancian. With his real life understood, his influence will be far extended in bringing the call from the Orient to the Catholic world at home.

THE NEST EGG

JOHN Bodkin was perplexed. He had reached his fiftieth year of single blessedness and had been fairly successful in life. His health has been of the best, and, with more than a living wage and no dependents, he had succeeded in putting away a tidy sum for the days of enforced leisure that might yet come into his life.

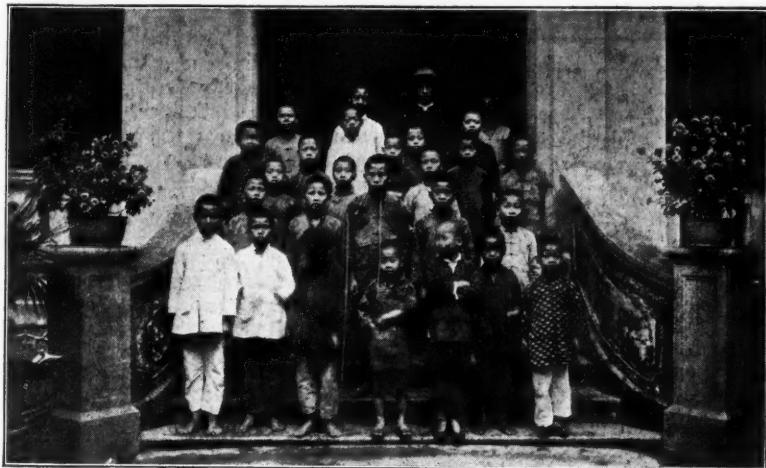
His parents had died when about his own age; his surviving brother and sister were comfortably married.

And now the question came to him, "What will become of my nest egg when my turn comes to cross the great divide and stand before the Eternal Judge?"

He considered the idea of a will and was on the point of making one when he learned at first hand that a friend's will which he had witnessed had been broken into so many pieces that there was nothing left for the beneficiary—a certain fine Catholic enterprise in which his friend had been keenly interested.

That day there fell into his hand a leaflet about annuities. It came with a life insurance advertisement and it set John Bodkin thinking.

He saw where he could transfer his bank savings and some bonds which he had cautiously purchased to this very reputable company, draw a better rate of interest than



A MARYKNOLL VISITOR AT A CANTON ORPHANAGE
When Fr. Donovan, now "propagandizing" in the middle west, was in China

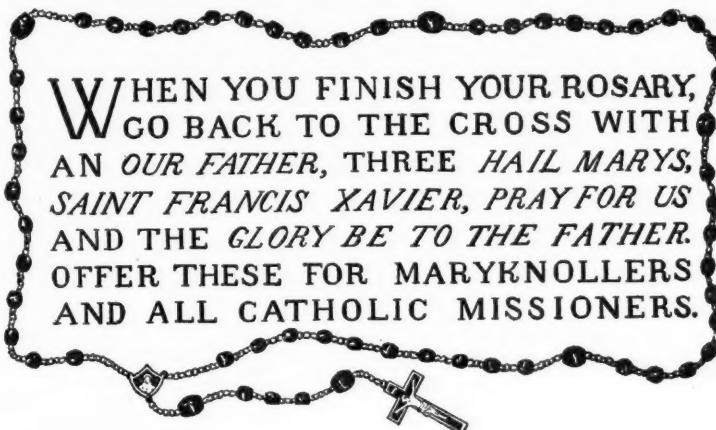
he was now receiving, and have no further concern about his belongings which, in view of the high interest rate, would necessarily go to the company, leaving no further question as to their disposal after he should pass on.

He felt relieved, but, a moment later, he said to himself: "And if I should go soon, the company will certainly make a haul."

He took lunch that day with an old friend whose judgment he esteemed very highly and decided to mention his difficulty. John Bodkin had hardly finished his story when his friend said quietly: "There is only one thing for a man in your position to do. Take

out an annuity in some solid religious organization that is carefully managed, subject to a reliable corporation existing under state laws, and well protected by property or other holdings. In this way, you will be assured of as good interest as you are now getting — better probably — and you will have the keen satisfaction of knowing that when you go, your life earnings will not be squandered, but put to good use in the service of God. Such an act should bring back to you not only comforting reflections but spiritual help when you will most need it.

And that is how John Bodkin became a Maryknoll annuitant.



INTEREST ONE FRIEND

THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1927

THE FIELD AFAR

*Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).*

*Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.
Advertising rates sent on application.*

**Make all checks and money orders payable to
J. A. WALSH, Tr., Maryknoll, N. Y.**

*Single subscription.....\$1.00 a year
(ten or more copies to one address,
at the rate of eighty cents a year).
Six years' subscription.....\$5.00
Subscription for life.....\$50.00
(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

TO those of our readers whose devotions include the Novena of Grace (March 4 to March 12), we recommend earnest prayers for vocations. There is always a place in the Church at home and on the missions for the right kind of vocations; for boys and girls whose faith is well founded and whose hearts are generous.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, under the caption "A Working-man's Heart," is noted the establishment of a Native Clergy Burse (\$1,500) in honor of Saint Patrick. This will be especially good news for our missionaries. The burse will be invested and the yearly interest applied to the support of a native student for the priesthood.

WITHOUT love of God and neighbor, salvation is impossible. Love shows itself in sacrifice which is another name for zeal. Someone has nicely described zeal as the perfect flowering of charity. It is zeal that sends out missionaries to our neighbor, the pagan. So it may truly be said that interest in mission work is a good proof of our love for God and neighbor.

AGAIN Lent? So soon? Yes, time flies the more rapidly as the milestones mount, and neither you, however young, nor those of us who are over the arch and coming down the path can see how many more Lenten seasons—or how few—lie ahead.

Lent, this year, seems to be at my disposal, and, as it is designed by the Church for my spiritual development, what am I going to do? In other words, what sacrifices shall I make?



IN some little corner of THE FIELD AFAR there appeared, perhaps a decade ago, in a short paragraph, a question and an answer. The question was: *How may a young man know that he has a mission vocation?*

And the answer, *If he is ready to do things he does not like to do.*

We have since learned that this paragraph, which says nothing original, has been used to excellent effect, by a well known retreatmaster in Europe.

Simplicity counts after all, and an ungarished truth, almost buried in a corner, may be discovered and prove a grace to many.



WE find in the gratifying report of Fr. Gabel, Diocesan Director of the Toledo Home and Foreign Missions Office, the following well expressed thought:

Selfishness for our interests at home or for a particular field abroad may not eclipse our great principle of catholicity; neither may centralization of our activities throttle initiative or destroy identity. Unselfishness, virtuous generosity and, chiefly, charity, must prevail in every effort for the missions.

Fr. Gabel thus outlined Bishop Stritch's program:

We have the Holy Childhood association, our "children's mission soci-

ety." As our children approach maturity, they enter the Propagation, the parent organization. During these years of intellectual expansion, they reap the benefits of the Crusade which educates them in mission science and prepares them for mature mission aid. With their school days over, they join the ranks of their elders in the parish branch of the Propagation and give new life and new inspiration to those who so nobly carry on the work of helping to bring the Kingdom of Christ to all nations.



SHANGHAI comes to the front with two new Catholic papers, one appearing in Chinese, the other in English.

We have already told our readers about the Chinese paper and no one of these has yet subscribed (there is a reason). Now we speak of the *Catholic Observer* which will be published every week and in which, we have no doubt, some of our friends will be interested, as we ourselves are.

We are told that the new paper aims to be helpful to many thousands of English-speaking Catholics in the outposts and interior of China and to bring about a closer understanding between English-speaking Catholics and their Chinese brothers.

It also hopes to provide, for the hard-worked and oftentimes lonely priests in the interior, a weekly visitor that will supply them with matters of general and particular interest.

The new paper will resemble *The Tablet* (London) and the subscription rate for China (outside Hongkong) will be three dollars and a half.



A THOUSAND small Circles is a reasonable expectation for a national organization that must operate on an ever-increasing scale. Such is the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America; and such, too, is the sister organization, the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic.

Circles interested in Maryknoll may feel free at all times to include as sharers in their gathered fruits the good Sisters to whose

"O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come in China!" A short ejaculation and one that renews our zeal for the conversion of over 400,000,000 pagan souls.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST

unselfish and unstinted coöperation Maryknoll owes so much.

It is the ambition of a zealous priest to reproduce himself in the priesthood. He looks for a likely vocation, nourishes it, and tries to bring it to maturity. If successful, he has the joy of seeing a priestly son standing at the altar, the fruit of his prayers and sacrifices.

So, too, with a zealous Circle. It should look forward to the development of another and even of several, so that its own efforts to spread the Gospel can be multiplied and God's glory increased.



SO far, the American missionaries have not received large gifts. This is true, we know, of the Maryknoll groups, and we believe that our brothers-in-arms who belong to other institutes or orders have had similar experience.

It may be better so—at least for the spiritual welfare of the missionaries—but, undoubtedly, opportunities for conversions are passing. It should be realized that, in these days, satisfying results on the mission field of Eastern Asia call for a large scale of development. Schools must be brought up to a required standard, dispensaries and small hospitals provided for a long neglected people, and well-instructed catechists secured.

The most disappointing experience of the average missioner—and we at the home base share it—is the difficulty of making well-disposed friends and benefactors sense the proportionate values of these different mission needs.

Provided as they are today with the facts, through many well edited Catholic mission periodicals and through the spoken word from many pulpits, the day is certainly coming when Catholics in the homeland will better understand the mission problems. When that time arrives, we presume that all that is needful will follow.



IT has been said that modern Americans make poor missionaries. Like all general statements,



St. Joseph—Protector of Christ

this can be denied and no doubt ought to be. It is not the nationality that makes the missioner, any more than it makes the saint or the artist or the bricklayer. It's the man.

The true half of this half truth is the fact that American upbringing does not fit our boys naturally for missionary life. American life is luxurious. We no longer sally out and break the ice in the trough on wintry mornings to wash our faces, as our forefathers did. Instead of winning the woolly West, the balmy South is winning us. We do not live the life of the pioneers. We have lost their habits. And it is a question whether we have retained their virtues; for habits both indicate and create

virtue, and they are a great pair to be found always together.

That is why fears are entertained in certain quarters when young Americans of today are plunged into the primitive conditions of pagan lands. In China, a missioner spends easily six months out of every year in actual physical discomfort. He travels in indescribable conditions, sleeps on impossible beds, eats extremely debatable food, and is in turn eaten by highly questionable insects. His pale face dooms him to the life of a trained seal on exhibition, and, though he loves his people and is loved by them, he is a stranger in a strange land and will live out his life the butt of the mob to the end.

For all this, he is not naturally prepared, whereas his grandfather would doubtless have found it rather plain sailing.

The answer is not that Americans do not make missioners, but simply that they are not missioners already made.

It is the task of grace to supply what nature lacks. Grace, if we let it, can take us back fifty years and put us in our grandfather's shoes in a trice; merely a simple little preliminary flourish to its real work.

Grace, after all, is what makes missioners. And that is why American youngsters who correspond with it will make missioners—and good ones. And that is why God Who chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong will find a share of His apostles among the luxurious American youth of today.

AN ANSWER

We often receive from thoughtful friends the query: "What form of mission help is most welcome to our American missioners?" To such as these we would reply:

1. **Catechist Support.**—Every one of our mission fields is in need of a greater number of catechists, both men and women. The monthly expense of such a native worker is \$15.
2. **Stringless Gifts.**—No one is in a better position to judge where the need is most urgent than the missioner himself and his Superior. A stringless gift is a mark of your confidence.

LAETARE SUNDAY



HAT'S the matter with Monica?" asked Sister Eulalia as she came into recreation one evening in the little community room at Gishu. "She's been going about the place

with the most worried look on her face, and she wouldn't even smile when I asked her, 'Nobody home, Monica?'"

"Oh, I think Monica has spring fever and wants a vacation. You know, these Koreans are Wanderlusters and like to take to the road every little while. Let's give her a vacation," spoke Sister Jeannette, the staunch defender of the Oriental.

"She's tired; she's had a hard year. I think it's terrible how every one in this town is down on Monica. It's a plain case of envy," said Sister Coeline, as she spread out her embroidery and chose her next thread most deliberately.

Monica was the "first lady" in the convent industrial room. She had cooked for the Korean Sisters before Maryknoll took charge of the Gishu mission. She had been Father Han's right hand in the furnishing of the convent for the first group of American Sisters, and she was unmistakably a most capable and attractive Korean woman. She could do machine sewing like an accomplished tailor, and her hand embroidery proved her an adept needlewoman. And, best of all, she was quick in "catching on" and exceptionally rapid in execution. When the Sisters started their industrial department, Monica was taken away from the kitchen and laundry work and given the fore lady's desk in the sewing room.

Every one liked Monica because she was bright and vivacious. Her previous history and her eight year old boy only added to her natural attractiveness. She was a young widow who had become a Catholic only after her husband's death.

Thomas, her little boy, was the brightest lad in the mission school, and he fairly worshiped Father Han. The latter loved Thomas in a wise and stern way that kept the child simple, straightforward, and fervent. Father Han and

Thomas were a goodly pair in the sanctuary; both seemed to love the temple of the Lord of Heaven as their own proper abode. Every one knew that Thomas wanted to become a priest, and no one doubted that his wish would be realized.

Then, suddenly, as so often happens when skies are bluest, a cloud lowered over the mother and child.

Sister Aidan, one day, was let into the secret. Thomas's old grandmother was giving Monica no peace; she wanted him and his mother to return to her home in the country. As Thomas was sole heir to her little estate, Monica said she could not disregard the old lady's wishes.

"But," said Sister Aidan, "is there a Catholic church or school there?"

"No, the priest comes only twice a year on visitation, and Thomas will have to go to the public school."

"But, Monica—Thomas—"

There was no use of talking; she had decided to go and that was the end of it.

Later Father Han was approached, and a new light was thrown on the tale. Monica had helped herself to an ondel pot belonging to the premises, had been asked to return it, had made profuse, polite explanations, and had lost face in the parish.

So this was the motivating cause of the Wanderlust! All Thomas's prospects, educational and vocational, all his tears and stubborn resistance, the Sis-

ters' inconvenience in losing a fore lady weighed little in the balance when compared with Monica's loss of face.

So, one morning, bright and early, with the same engaging smile, that masked so many emotions, lighting up her countenance, Monica fared forth. Beside her trudged Thomas. No dimpled cheek or chin could be spied—so low did he hang his head.

It was Laetare Sunday, and a cold Manchurian wind was whirling the fine gray dust in blinding clouds along the hard road to Gishu where the lonely figure of a woman could be seen swaying with the blasts. Her full cotton skirt was held tightly about her person, and, from her head, the loose ends of a scarf were flying.

She was on her way to the high cliff beyond the Buddhist temple. There she would end her misery. Her life was so empty, her heart so lonely; the past so hard, the future so black. She could not bear it any longer. She would go to the high cliff, take one last look over the shining Yalu with its sandbar islands garlanded between blue ribbons of water, and then—oh, she would lean a bit too far over that rocky precipice and—and—oh, it would not matter.

Was it only six years before that she had left Seoul with its busy days of study and domestic activities to come to her husband's home in the country where there was no stimulus for



MARYKNOLL SISTERS AND THEIR CHARGES AT GISHU, KOREA

PRAY FOR VOCATIONS

thought or desire?

Her husband—what did she know of him? She had never seen him before that awful day of the marriage trial, and, since then, he was in Japan studying. The little baby that had come to stir her heart and quicken her life had just been buried on the neighboring hillside, and there was no going back to that hard and heartless abode again.

The sun was going down fast. It was good to see the first few straggling roofs of Gishu's thatched mud huts. Often she had come to this country seat, but never had so strange a light played upon the quiet town. She was so tired, and she had still so far to go. Oh, there was the Catholic church! She had often passed it by; never once had she satisfied her idle curiosity as to its interior. She wondered whether it was like the "adoration temple" of the Protestants in Seoul. They called it "the temple of the Lord of Heaven."

The church was up a steep hill—would she take the time and trouble just to satisfy her curiosity? Why not? She would never come this way again and the later she would reach that fateful rock, the darker it would be—and the better too. So, wearily, listlessly, she climbed the hill and entered by the women's door.

A crowd was assembled; the men and women were turning sideways; about the priest was a dense circle of boys and men, and behind them, a moving mass of women. A tall Korean near the priest held a crucifix (she had never seen one before), and two little boys in red and white stood beside him, each holding a lighted candle. The people were praying from prayer books—now they were on their knees, now they were standing and moving. Where to? To the next picture on the wall.

She had heard once that Catholics adored images. Was it really so? These people seemed to fall in adoration before the picture. She looked up. There, she saw a woman clad in blue stretching forth her hands to one who was carrying a cross. She heard the catechist read aloud: "Jesus meets His holy mother. We adore Thee, O Christ, and praise Thy holy name."

And she watched the people bend the knee again as they reverently responded,



THE VIA CRUCIS

'Because by Thy holy cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.'

Then followed a long reading. She could not catch it all, but a kindly woman near by, noticing her interest, gently placed her prayer book in the stranger's hands.

With a grateful smile, she shook her head; she would rather look at the pictures. The woman in blue seemed so heartbroken. Again and again, so she thought, this woman came forward to the cross-bearing sufferer. Once she held a towel in her hands; again, she was on her knees, weeping with many other women; then she was standing beneath the cross on which a man was crucified; then the dead body was in her lap, and, last of all, she was at the tomb of the crucified.

He must have been her son; she must have loved him more than all the world. How she must have suffered at his cruel punishment and death! Who was he? Why was he crucified? "Jesus—," so each picture read; "Christ—," so the prayer, each time, repeated. "Jesus Christ"—she had heard the name; it was that of the Christians' God, but that was all she knew.

Stations were over. With the singing of a beautiful, sad song, the people surged forward and another service began. This was much more mysterious

than the Stations, but oh, so lovely. The altar was bright with flowers and candles; the priest wore a beautiful white cape, embroidered in colors and gold.

And then, on the altar, a golden vessel with a tiny white circle was placed high up where all could see it. Sweet incense was wafted, in pale gray fragrance, to that object high above. The children sang strange hymns, in unfamiliar cadences—nothing like the droning, tom-tom music of the mudongs. All her weariness seemed to slip away and she lost the sense of time.

The ringing of tiny bells startled her. Soon all were leaving the church and she alone was left sitting on the floor whither she had fallen in sheer exhaustion.

Irresistibly she was drawn forward. A statue of a lady in blue—she knew it was the Way of the Cross lady—seemed to draw her ever closer. Standing below the wistful face of this image, the pagan woman, so lately a mother, whispered, "Mother of the Crucified One, have pity on me."

She thought the statue smiled back at her, and, slowly prostrating herself before it, she turned and left the church.

Why, the sun had almost set. It was late. Would she continue her way to the rock? The lady in blue seemed to
(Continued on page 80)

AT THE HOME KNOLL

Black Diamonds—

SOMETIMES we wish, as perhaps you do, dear householder, that we lived where there is no need to heat the house in the winter time. And, perhaps, if we had only a few aspirant apostles, we could give them a hardening process; head off complaints by telling of missionaries in Alaska sleeping on the ice or in snow houses, and forget the word coal.

But with one young gray mountain, its smaller brother, and four frame dwellings—housing all told some three hundred people—there is no way out of it except to follow the custom of this age and country, and to live during the winter in heated houses, thankful for this creature comfort while it lasts.

However, we do not take up a coal collection. At least, so far, we have never dared to add this to our list of needs. Like water, light, flour, salt, and other homely necessities, coal must come and it must be paid for or it won't come.

And, if it must come, why worry about it? That is the attitude unconsciously taken by our friends and by almost everybody on the compound, except the man who places the order and the Number One who signs the miserable check that keeps him from pushing ahead on more attractive lines.

So the little black diamonds pile up one day and soon disappear only to be followed by another pile that is an eyesore to the community and a heart-scald to our Number One.

All this being said, we wish to register a warm "thank you" for stringless gifts that enable us to sit at desks and be free from chilblains.

Setting-Up Exercises

The Maryknoll students are grateful, too, for terraces and cloisters that meet outside weather conditions. However bad the day, there is chance for exercise between classes, tramping over the

"sidewalks of New York" on this cloister pavement. Incidentally, this is quite the fact because the flagging on both cloister and terrace—and, for that matter, in our reception hall—once did duty in the great metropolis to the south of us.

And when the open terrace is dry, a few minutes' recess is profitably occupied in setting-up exercises under the direction of a former army officer who prefers a cassock to the khaki.

The Maryknoll Brothers—

When the Auxiliary Brothers of St. Michael gather now yearly from several points, not too far distant, for their annual retreat, they form an impressive company. If they were not readers of *THE FIELD AFAR*, we should be tempted to compliment them on several admirable qualities; but why spoil a good thing?

Maryknoll priests conduct the Brothers' retreat, profiting themselves by an edifying contact.

Maryknoll Brothers are working for the missions too. Life and requirements of the Brothers are described in the booklet, "American Brothers and the Foreign Missions." Write to Director of Brothers, Maryknoll, New York.

The Woods—

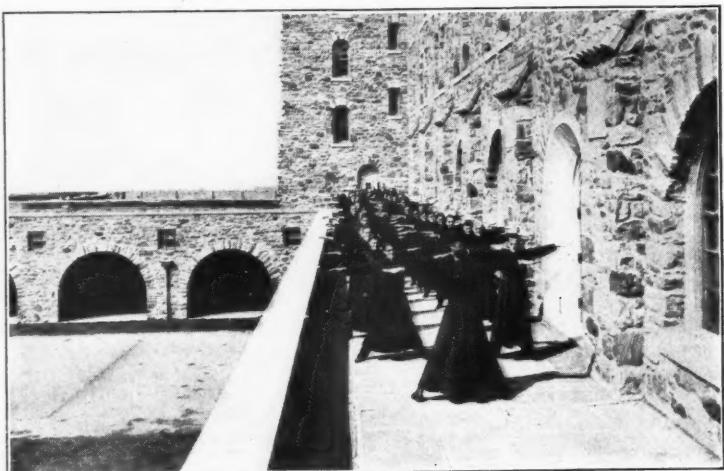
There is untold joy in coursing through our woods, Maryknollers like to watch the sunbeams play round its cushioned floor in summer time; to go there in early spring and hear the songs of the birds and in the autumn when the west wind plucks the rainbow plumage of leaves; and, from time to time, to go there and listen to the winter winds strum and sing over the naked branches.

Recently, after a fresh snowfall, the craving for the woods seized some of us. We halted on the road at the sound of a chopper's ax. The distraction led us on until the silhouette of a robust woodsman could be seen, savagely chopping a fallen tree. Coming nearer, we saw a blithe Maryknoller.

What an all-round training the Maryknoller gets! He not only tries to mold his character so that he may be all things to all men, but he labors and saves to stretch the fisherman's net a little farther over the pagan peoples.

SPROUTS

SPROUTS is the title of a chronicle prepared at the humble Maryknoll house where live a handful of "ours" who attend the



BETWEEN CLASSES ON THE TERRACE

PRAY FOR MISSIONERS

Catholic University. *Sprouts* is prepared for family consumption, but you, dear readers, belong to the family and will relish an occasional sample. We quote a few items:

You All—Last Sunday evening we were surprised to find a crowd at the National Shrine. The Holy Name men had gathered there to honor Christ, King, and to renew their Holy Name pledge. The Dominican House conducted devotions. The community sang the litanies of the Blessed Virgin and of the Holy Name during Benediction. The air of the first was very delicate and catchy; it has been hummed about these precincts ever since.

Three thousand men were in attendance, and each held a lighted candle during Benediction when the electric lights were extinguished. Fr. Smith, O.P., preached an eloquent sermon.

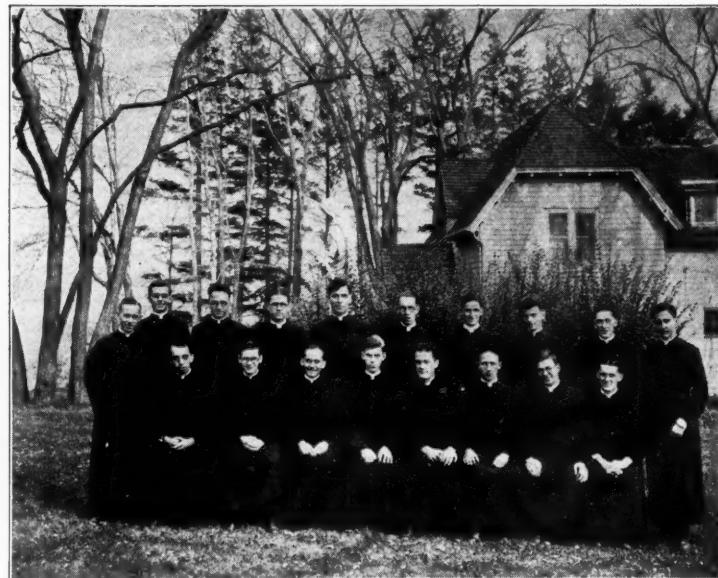
Last evening we went to Holy Hour at the Dominican House. And it was there that we attended High Mass this morning. Their singing was beautiful. The Dominican Solemn Mass resembles a Pontifical Mass not a little. The ceremonies are more elaborate than our Solemn Mass, the several ministers having many functions ordinarily performed by the celebrant and deacon.

This afternoon we went to the Franciscan Monastery for Benediction. Their Sunday afternoon service begins with Compline, which is followed by a sermon, dogmatico-apologetic in character, directed especially to non-Catholics. The church is always crowded and the non-Catholic attendance large. Every day large busses convey sightseers to the monastery and its many interesting replicas of the Holy Land. The catacombs under the church are most interesting.

We started Recollection Sunday very well with a meditation by Bro. C. Fr. C. gave the conferences. All these words on religion remind us of the one hardship we must bear here, but which we hope to have remedied soon. That is the absence of the Blessed Sacrament. Without God, heaven would be hell.

That sounds harsh, but, after all, it is the truth. We were created to enjoy the Beatific Vision. By the grace of God, the Sprouts practice the presence of God, so the Lord Who is everywhere is intimately and constantly with us. Nevertheless, we are not living under the same roof with God and the house is at best cold, very cold without Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

We overheard the colored laborers talking and moralizing on economic affairs and problems yesterday. Said the gray-haired one, "When yo' all dun



A RECENT GROUP CASSOCKED AND CINCTURED

raise ten head of children as I'se have, you come round 'n' tell me how far a pair of shoes'll go."

SUE ZUMI SAYS

(Seattle Notes)

MARCH is one of my favorite months, because I always have so much to pray for in the Novena of Grace to St. Francis Xavier. I'm not so sure that my own family was converted by St. Francis, but, occasionally, I meet Japanese who are Catholics and who can trace their faith all the way

back to the time of Xavier. There are not many such in America, though, at times, I have met some who claim such a heritage—and it is inspiring to see how they have treasured it.

I want St. Francis to continue his work of conversion among our people. Father said that perhaps, if I requested it, many of those who make the Novena of Grace would join in my prayer that the Japanese people may once again respond to the call of Xavier and enter the true fold.

MEMORIAL ROOMS

If you have been blessed with a generous share of this world's goods, why not consider the idea of a Memorial Room in the new Maryknoll Seminary? The amount required for such a room is \$500.

You will be remembered in prayer by generations of aspirant missioners. Your name on the door of a student's room at Maryknoll adds to the certainty of its being inscribed in the Book of Life.

THIS ROOM HAS BEEN DONATED BY THE CIRCLE OF

A Commemorative Plaque

One advantage of having a complete school—and soon—here in Seattle is that conversions and baptisms will come more surely. You know, we have only first grade now, besides the kindergarten; but, even from the little children, there are coming calls for baptism.

Not long ago, Father baptized three; I was present and saw it all. The first was a boy who was named Takao, but is now Thomas. The other two are Rose Mary and Mary Virginia, sisters. Of course, their parents were consulted and all expressed not only a willingness but a great happiness to think that their children could become "sons of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven." The little boy's mother regretted that she, too, was not baptized, so that she might teach this religion to her children. Father says that that is an opportunity not to be missed, and now Sister is instructing this lady in our holy faith.

There are about seven thousand Japanese people in Seattle. Very often I have been surprised to find that many have been baptized in one or other of the Protestant sects, but their Christianity ends there. I heard one woman say, "I have been baptized; I am saved. I don't need to go to church now!" And then, again, they cannot understand these different brands of Christianity, and ask why there are so many divisions in a religion of love. When the Japanese do become Catholics, they are good ones, and continue very faithfully.

And fidelity has its own reward. Only the other day we heard about Shizuko's father who makes the sign of the cross, says grace before every meal, and always says his prayers. Shizuko, herself, has not yet been baptized, but when grace is said in the kindergarten before lunch every day, it is her voice which rings the loudest in the prayers. At first, her parents listened devoutly when Shizuko would pray; now they join with her. Sister says that's the value of good example and an instance of how each one of us can be an apostle, even at the age of seven.

One day a very good Catholic lady who thought I didn't understand her said to Brother, "How can you work among the Japanese? I think they're awful. I don't see why you don't spend the same efforts on the—"

But I didn't let her finish, even though that was very rude. I asked: "Well, what is the difference between the soul of a Japanese and any other soul? Didn't Jesus die to save all—or was it all except the Japanese?"

If within ten days you receive no acknowledgement, please notify without delay the Very Rev. J. A. Walsh, Maryknoll, N. Y.



BROTHER THOMAS GATHERS HIS LITTLE JAPANESE AT THE SCHOOL
This is preparatory to driving them in the big Maryknoll bus to their homes

But, before, she could reply, Brother said, "The only color we can see in our work is the white soul that lies hidden in each one—that's what we're trying to give to God."

I knew then that here was one reason of St. Francis Xavier's success; his prayer was always, "Give me souls."

I hope I can be an apostle.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

SHORTLY before leaving Los Angeles for Honolulu, where he will direct a new Maryknoll center of activities, Fr. Kress added to an already gratifying list forty-two names of Japanese children baptized into the Catholic faith.

The work which Fr. Kress has accomplished among the Japanese of Los Angeles, in which he has been splendidly assisted by Sisters and Brothers from Maryknoll, will react in Honolulu where Japanese number more than one hundred thousand.

It may be noted here, too, that Maryknoll interest in Japanese on our Pacific Coast has been of distinct value to those of our missionaries who are stationed in Korea where they come in contact with Japanese officials.

Photographs of the Maryknoll schools in Los Angeles and Seattle, of gatherings in which Jap-

aneese consuls participated with American bishops and sympathetic laity, have found their way across the Pacific and helped to break down reserve and establish confidence to the advantage of our Maryknollers.

Mrs. Gemma Umeda and her son, Henry Joseph, are the latest to join the band of Japanese Catholics in the city of Los Angeles. Two older Umeda children have been in the Church for several years.

Our Scouts drew the banner, at a field day at Redondo Beach, for the largest attendance in proportion to the size of the troop. Japanese cannot easily be outdone when it comes to picnics and outdoor sports.

Three of our boys entered the Catholic high school last term. One of our girls is in her second year at the Girls' Catholic High. Where the parents are not Catholics, permission is not readily given for continuation in the higher Catholic schools. However, a start has been made in the right direction.

The older Japanese Catholic ladies gave a banquet in honor of the more recent converts, Luke Miyata, Mrs. Teresa Yoshino, Mrs. Teresa Takahashi, Mrs. Melanie Seki, and Mrs. Gemma Umeda. The banquet was Nipponese throughout, even to chopsticks. A rather pretty custom this, of greeting new members of the Church—a custom that might be adopted with profit in any of our smaller congregations where converts so frequently comment on the coldness of the older Catholics.

INQUIRE ABOUT ANNUITIES

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO

OUT here in the land of sunshine and prunes, March finds us with one chief object in view. We are out in search of those who plan to enter the Maryknoll Junior Seminary next September. It is easy to find several boys who would like to go to the foreign missions, but, unfortunately, not all have the health, talent, and spiritual appreciation that is necessary for those who are to spend their lives in paganism.

A little prayer we ask that our search for suitable subjects will be a profitable one.

The holidays brought several surprises both great and small. Our feast day dinner at the Procure we owe to the kind thoughtfulness of a good Sister in San Francisco.

Fr. Kress surprised us by a visit from Los Angeles. He took advantage of a railroad pass to come to San Francisco in order to consult Bishop Stephen Alencastre, of Honolulu. He was very much surprised to see how attractive was the new seminary of Maryknoll at Los Altos.

A fortnight after the beginning of the new year, we were happy to be

visited by our beloved Superior, Fr. Walsh, on his annual visitation. Many were the problems which he had to settle while here with regard to the new seminary.

THE VENARD

SANCIAN ISLAND—the inspiration of so many present-day missionaries! Your influence is felt even here in this snow-bound region of the Pennsylvania mountains by those who are just starting out on the road to the priesthood and the missionary life.

To us, you are the sacred Jerusalem. We are the armored knights ready to storm the heights of the world and win its precious souls for you. You are the Vénard's shrine—the incentive urging us on to better things in order to bring forth in ourselves the likeness of your St. Francis Xavier.

And has not each Vénard a right to claim you as his own? His grown-up Maryknoll brothers are there on Sancian accomplishing the work that Xavier was not allowed to do. And, in the years to come, many of the lads here present will be found on that island and walking in Xavier's footsteps.

May St. Francis hasten that day!

READERS' COMMENTS

It is a companion.—*A bishop.*

Your magazine is indeed a treasure.—*Mass.*

Can't do without my FIELD AFAR.—*Mo.*

I enjoy reading THE FIELD AFAR as much as ever.—*Pa.*

Never let me be without THE FIELD AFAR, please.—*Mass.*

Continue my subscription to your fine publication.—*N. Y.*

I am always glad when I find THE FIELD AFAR in my mail.—*Ill.*

THE FIELD AFAR is always a ray of sunshine when it comes into the house.—*Pa.*

We are delighted with THE FIELD AFAR. Everyone is eager to read it.—*Pa.*

From a mere newspaper woman's viewpoint, your magazine is a "knock-out" and thoroughly enjoyable.—*Md.*

Maryknoll — The Master's Armory



DRAWING OF THE COMPLETED SEMINARY

fering. You will be always proud and glad to remember that you are a benefactor of Maryknoll.

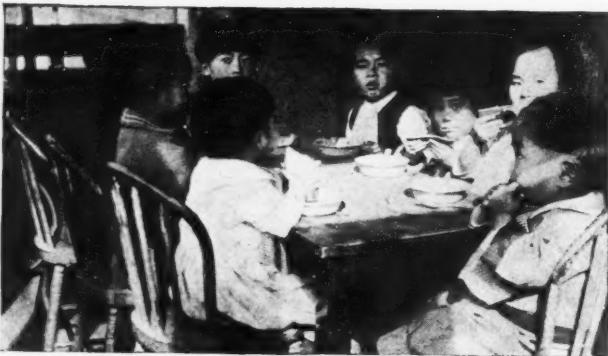
PLACE SOME STONES IN THESE WALLS

The privilege is yours for five dollars or even less. Do not allow the Maryknoll Seminary to go up without manifesting your zeal as a Catholic and as an American. Become a builder, not for time, but for eternity. As such, you will share in the labors of the apostles of Jesus Christ and likewise in their reward.

*Address: The V. Rev. Superior,
Maryknoll, N. Y.*

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

MARYKNOLL



CIRCLES

SELF or Christ—which will it be this Lent?

If Christ, then let there be sacrifices without which a profession of love is empty and profitless.

Our recent appeal for Chi Rho Hall has taken the Circle world by storm. The downpour of responses bringing generous donations and encouraging promises is like a rift in the clouds of darkness that seems to forecast that Chi Rho Hall will soon be a reality. Our heartiest gratitude is extended to the following Circles for the gleam of light they have cast our way:

St. William's Circle, St. Rose of Lima Circle, Vénard Circle, Mary Xavier Circle, St. John Baptist Circle, Little Flower Circle, St. Francis Xavier Circle, Alacocé Circle, St. Laurence O'Toole Circle, Court Santa Maria, C.D.A., St. Leo's Sorority Maryknoll Circle, Maryknoll Yeungkong Mission Circle, St. Bernard's Circle, St. Caroline Circle, American Missionary Maids Emmanuel Circle, Fantishan Circle, Bishop Beaven Circle, St. Joseph Maria Circle, St. Francis Xavier Circle, Philadelphia, St. Aloysius Circle, Marshall Circle.

The following Circles have made their "bow" and pledged their coöperation in work for the missions; they have all given substantial evidence of their earnestness, and we are happy to introduce them to our older coworkers: *St. John Baptist Circle, Jersey City, N. J.; St. Anna's Circle, N. Y. C.; St. Margaret Mary Circle.*

Circles planning trips to Maryknoll are asked to communicate with the Circle Director a month in advance, to arrange dates.

Woodhaven, L. I.; *St. Joachim Circle, Frankford, Pa.; Circle of the Infant Jesus, East Orange, N. J.*

Good old St. Nicholas came heavily laden from the members of St. Francis Xavier Circle and their friends of Philadelphia. He brought a check for the support of a student; a gift for a room in the Sisters' new Mother-House; a shower of miscellaneous articles; an offering of \$100 for our proposed Chi Rho Hall; \$100 for the Sisters' urgent needs; and last, but not least, \$150 invested in food stuffs. This is especially heartening when we remember that the Circle has but twenty members.

We greatly appreciate the generosity of Alacocé Circle, of Ansonia, manifested by the missioner's outfit, the Christmas gifts, and the substantial offering for Chi Rho Hall.

Donations from the Maryknoll Circles for the support of catechists—the missioners' right arm—were most welcome, as they always are; so, too, were the gifts without a string which provided for many of our unsponsored needs. Our gratitude also is unbounded for Mass stipends, contributions for the support of Maryknollers at home and abroad, circle dues, gifts toward the leper fund and toward the Sisters' Mother-House.

LAETARE SUNDAY

(Continued from page 75)

keep her from it. But where would she go? Perhaps, she would stay overnight in Gishu. But she must think up some story to explain her plight. She would walk a little way and think.

She had not gone ten minutes when she came upon a boy sitting by the roadside. He was bending over a long

strip of pictures and seemed all wrapped in interest. For a moment, he was unconscious of her nearness; then, with a frightened look, he gathered up the folding pictures and clasped his hand tightly upon them.

"What are you looking at?" asked the pagan woman.

"Are you a Christian?" responded the boy.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because, if you're not, these pictures will not interest you."

"But I've just come from the Catholic Church and I found the pictures there very interesting. Won't you let me see them?"

"Surely, if you wish. Come and sit beside me"—and the boy, delightedly, unfolded the Way of the Cross booklet and told the story of each picture in an eager, childish way.

"Where did you get this book?" asked Nong Saing—for that was the pagan woman's name. "Could I get one too?"

"The Sisters gave it to me. They were very good to me. They loved me better than my mother, I believe; and so did Han Sin Bu."

"Who is Han Sin Bu?"

"You said you just came from the Catholic church. Didn't you see him? I ran and ran for many li, hoping that I'd be there for Benediction. I always used to serve him at the altar; but when I saw it was too late and I was so tired, I tried to make the Way of the Cross here on the roadside."

"Where are you going?"

"To Han Sin Bu. I ran away from my grandmother's. My mother went away some weeks ago and I don't know where she is. I want to be where I can hear Mass every day and receive the sacraments."

"You love your religion very much, don't you?"

"I love it so much, I would die for it, like St. Thomas and Kim Andrea Sin Bu. My name is Kim Thomassu."

"But what good would that do? If you're dead, you're dead, aren't you?"

"My body would die, but not my soul. That would go straight to heaven like a baby's soul after baptism."

"And will my soul live after death too? I've never been baptized"—and Nong Saing shivered as she looked at the black mountain not far beyond.

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

"Why, of course, your soul will live. Souls never die. Han Sin Bu can tell you all about it."

"Is your father living in Gishu?" asked Nong Saing.

"No, my father is dead, and I have no relatives in Gishu; but Han Sin Bu will find some place for me. I'll carry water to pay my board."

"Will you take me to Han Sin Bu? Maybe he can help us both."

"Surely. Let us go together. I know he'll help you. He helps everybody."

And so, instead of mounting the ominous black rock that had invited so many deaths, Nong Saing followed the lad to the little rectory beside the church.

The Sisters had just finished supper when a knock at the door told them that the pastor was there.

"Excuse me, Sisters, but is Teresa still here?"

"Yes, Father, she's right here."

"I'd like to ask her whether she could harbor, for a little while, a very nice young pagan woman who has asked my assistance and I wish you would say a prayer to our Blessed Mother. It seems to me she has worked a miracle of grace this afternoon—my mind is full of possible good things to come."

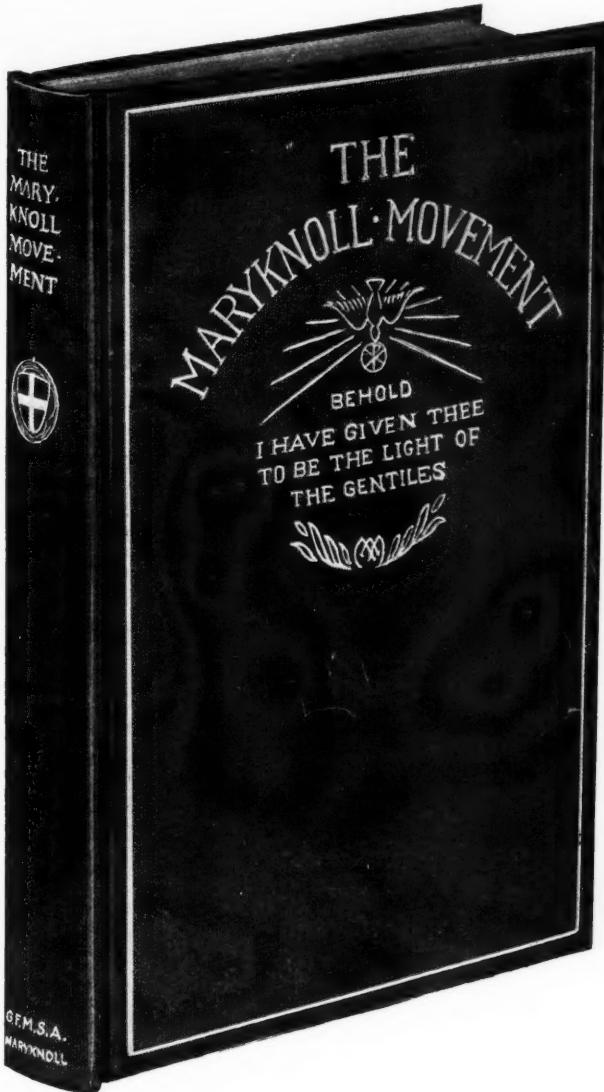
"And you'll be glad to know that Thomas is back—ran away from his grandmother's."

"By the way, Sister, don't you need some one in Monica's place? Nong Saing says she can sew very well and would be extremely glad to get work here. She is a superior woman, educated and refined. I wish you could employ her. She wants to get a room in some nice home and keep Thomas with her. She says, if she can adopt him, she'll do it. Aren't the ways of God wonderful? And the Blessed Mother—doesn't she work miracles?"

"Father, today is Laetare Sunday. Can we help rejoicing when we see such proofs of God's love?"

Season followed season, clothing Gishu's hills in flower and leaf and snow; and, many years thereafter, on a bright Laetare Sunday, Thomas's hope was realized, and, in the presence of Monica and Nong Saing and all Gishu's Christians, with Han Sin Bu beside him, he offered to the Lord of Heaven, the Crucified Son of God. —*S. M. A.*

"I wish someone would write a book on Maryknoll—the 'firsts' of everything. It would interest a great many people."



The above message arrived as the new Maryknoll book was on the press. The volume is a most attractive one, with 140 pages of text, 41 pages of illustrations, and appendix and index. It is substantially bound in blue cloth, stamped in gold.

\$1.50 postpaid

The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

PUSH OUR CAUSE

FATHER CHIN'S MONTHLY LETTER



March, 1927

Dear Juniors—

Sometimes God uses angels as messengers to men. This month we celebrate the feast of the Annunciation. It was the great Archangel Gabriel who brought to Mary word that she had been selected by God to become the Mother of His Son Jesus. A choir of angels made known to the shepherds the birth of their Savior.

Usually, though, the angels are busy in heaven about angel business. Priests, Brothers, Sisters are the earthly messengers of God—yes, but not alone! You, Juniors, are in the service of the King. Some day, perhaps, you may be privileged to go forth and preach Christ. Right now you are called to help by prayer, sacrifices, and work, others who are striving to make Him known and loved.

Say each day this month a Hail Mary in honor of our Mother Mary who gave Jesus to the world, that she may secure from her Divine Son blessings for Maryknoll and her missions.

Father Chin

THE LETTER BOX

I am glad I can help. It must be dreadful not to know Jesus; so I am going to try and fill my mite box.

Anne M. Glenn,
Philadelphia, Pa.

If I were you, I should send THE FIELD AFAR once a week and charge one dollar a month. I should be glad to pay it.

How is the goat? Can you drive him yet? Write me.

Valerie P. Thomas,
Sharpsburg, Md.

I am a little girl in the third grade.

We have been saving our spending money to buy a Chinese baby. We want to buy a little girl whose name is to be Catherine Grace. Some day we are going to buy a little boy.

We hope our two little girls will be real good to the priests and the Sisters.

Helen Theresa Schianni,
Nazareth Academy, Victoria, Tex.

We are enclosing a money order for nine dollars. The money is to pay for Rose Ellen's rice for October, November, and December. We hope you'll pardon us for not seeing to its speedy and punctual arrival.

We are sending a doll to Rose Ellen. The package is addressed to Fr. Chin. Will you forward it for us? We should like to have a picture of "our baby" if you could send one to us. We shall be glad when she is old enough to write to us, even if it is in Chinese.

Your loving JUNIORS,
Mary McDevitt, *Treas.*,
Roselle, N. J.

We want to purchase a "Cherry Blossom." Since the boys contributed most of the money, they want a boy Blossom (*Francis*).

The girls are sending a dollar for St. Joseph's Burse, hoping it



LOOKING FOR CHERRY BLOSSOMS

A MITE A DAY

TO HIS MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

will help educate "Francis" for the priesthood.

We are also sending an offering for a holy Mass for the Poor Souls.

Your friends of the Sixth Grade
(per Helen Ling)
St. Francis Academy
Owensboro, Ky.

Patrons

IS your name Joseph or Patrick? If so, congratulations! This month, throughout the whole world, Mother Church will be celebrating the feast of your patron saint.

But your name isn't Joe or Pat? Well, never mind. If you are a friend of the missions, you may claim both St. Joseph and St. Patrick for your patrons.

Did you ever realize what perfect missionaries they were when they lived down here on our little globe? Both were such because they spent their lives loving and serving God—and thereby spreading His Kingdom.

They didn't serve Our Lord in the same way, though, did they? Well, that shows us that there are different ways of being a missionary. Some, the chosen few, are asked to carry Christ's Gospel to pagan lands; others to spread it at home—and what about the rest of us?

Has Our Divine Savior given to any one of us the priceless gift of faith, without the sacred privilege and duty of helping those He has chosen to carry it to others?

No, indeed! What do you think St. Joseph and St. Patrick would say to this? Look at their lives and you have the answer.

Look up to heaven where they reign in glory now and you will see that they not only were missionaries, but that they still are. Ask their powerful intercession for the needs of the missions and don't forget—*patrons* are to be imitated!

*Wouldn't it be nice to think
The world had lots of food and
drink;
With little Chinese saying grace
In China—turned a Christian
place?*



SAMMY AMERICAN DOWN SOUTH

Sometimes Sammy American goes to visit his grandmother in the summer time. lives down in Louisiana, and, once in a while, Sammy is allowed to spend an hour or so with old Mose on Uncle Steve's plantation. It is great fun, Sammy thinks, to gather the fluffy white . It is so warm that Uncle has warned Mose to bring him in before he grows too tired. Sammy never stopped to think that some of the cotton he picked is woven into cloth and sent in a big ship a the shining Pacific to China where it is made in clothing for his little Chinese cousins.

SAMMY'S CHINESE COUSINS

Hoi Han and his sister Pee Chee are slow in sending back America something equally useful. Some of the best in the world comes from China. It is not so pleasant for the little boys and who help pick it as it is Sammy at Grandmother's. For hours they work just as fast as they out in the broiling . They receive only a few in return. This helps their father feed their family with the necessary and to keep them from being sick. There is but a small portion of warm water to refresh them after their some work. Far away from the farms there are great factories where other little R working to prepare the tea before it is to Sammy's city.



WEAR THE CHI RHO

The Piracy of the Sisters on the Way to Yeungkong



A CHINESE JUNK

LETTERS received at Maryknoll have expressed concern regarding our Sisters who were "pirated" on the China Sea shortly before the beginning of this year.

With shots flying around them and uncertainty in the air, the Sisters were naturally somewhat frightened, but they were more disappointed because obliged to turn back to Hongkong instead of pressing forward to their beloved mission field.

They lost all their belongings, too, and several hundred dollars' worth of Chinese silks.

And why the silks? Here is where our brave young Sisters wept, for they had slowly gathered the money in view of carrying out a project. They had planned industries to provide occupation for poor Chinese girls and to secure a margin of profit for their own support. The silks, then, were destined for embroideries that later would find buyers in Asiatic ports and in the homeland.

The Sister in charge wrote shortly after her return to Hongkong as follows:

It surely was a thrilling experience which one could hardly wish to his worst enemy. I never saw so many guns in all my life.

You can imagine with what joy we left here to go back to Yeungkong. When we reached Kongmoon, we were so delighted to find that we were to take a small river steamboat instead of the usual junk. There was the customary delay in starting, of course—only two days late—but finally the boat did move and we were so happy.

We had been going only about four hours and were eating our supper when the firing began. We didn't know what the trouble was until a very tall man, whom we recognized as a first-class passenger, appeared at our door with two guns and told us not to be afraid. We realized then that we were in the hands of pirates.

I suppose you received the account that Fr. Fletcher wrote; it is not in the least bit exaggerated, but, of course, there are hundreds of tiny details that would fill a book.

How we prayed! It was on Our Lady's feast, November 21, that we first arrived in Yeungkong. On the fourth anniversary, we were going through the worst experience of our lives. We asked for a miracle and we received it—for our lives were spared.

You know, of course, that we lost everything, except the clothes on our backs—even my shoes; yes, they were mine. They pleased a pirate, so he took them.

In spite of our intense fright, there were many amusing incidents. At one time a pirate turned an envelope of pepper upside down and everyone began to sneeze. He was thoroughly disgusted.

Every little while the head of one of the different groups would open our door and tell us not to fear, and say how unlucky we were to have taken that boat; and we had to thank these pirates and say they had a heart to save our lives.

We had with us a full supply of groceries for a whole year, a new organ, hundreds of dollars' worth of silks and linen for our industrial work, a sewing

machine, and all of our clothing and books.

Now we are really paupers, borrowing clothes right and left. It is a good thing we all dress alike, isn't it?

Our experience was a great shock to Mother Mary Joseph, but, of course, she was glad we were all safe.

Please keep us in your prayers.

MISSION VALUES

- \$1** for a day's support of a missioner.
- \$2.50** for a month's support of a baby.
- \$5** for the ransom of a Chinese baby; or the monthly support of a grandmother or a blind girl.
- \$10** for the personal medical expenses of a missioner.
- \$15** for a month's wages of a catechist.
- \$30** for the yearly support of a schoolboy or girl; or the yearly support of a leper.
- \$50** for the yearly retreat expenses of a missioner; the yearly support of a preparatory student; or the yearly upkeep of a village school.
- \$100** for the yearly travel expenses of a missioner or for the yearly support of a native seminarian.
- \$180** for the yearly salary of a catechist.
- \$200** for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.
- \$250** for the yearly support of a native priest.
- \$300** for the personal support and travel expenses for one year, of a missioner.
- \$400** for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.
- \$500** for a village school; the outfit and travel expenses of a missioner or a Sister, to Asia; or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.
- \$1,000** for a chapel or for an orphanage.
- \$1,500** for a small dispensary or for a native student bursary.
- \$2,000** for a catechumenate (40 catechumens and 2 teachers).
- \$3,000** for a catechist bursary or a priest's house.
- \$4,000** for a leper hospital (50 beds).
- \$5,000** for land to serve as a mission center (including that for Sisters); or a convent and convent chapel.
- \$10,000** for a modern city high school (100 pupils).
- \$15,000** for a sanatorium for missionaries; or land for a vicariate center.

Our Friends



THE Janet Stuart Mission Unit at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Philadelphia has started a burse for native clergy of the Orient. The burse is named after *Mater Admirabilis*.

This is a welcome announcement, and we wonder if the idea was inspired by the recent consecration of six Chinese bishops.

That event certainly made an impression and showed great possibilities that must result from the training of native priests.

On his way to the coast to embark for China, Fr. Meyer called at his old Alma Mater, St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa.

The students there have made a close study of mission problems and have realized the truth of a favorite statement of Fr. Meyer's, "Without schools in China, we shall have little need of chapels."

Translating this conviction into action, with the encouragement and assistance of the faculty, they gathered together the sum of one thousand dollars which they presented to Fr. Meyer, on the occasion of his visit, for the establishment of a St. Ambrose School in China.

No doubt, some day a graduate of this school will come to America to continue his studies at St. Ambrose in the U. S. A.

Organizations of Catholic women in these days are giving fine examples of the truly Catholic spirit, and Maryknoll is privileged to be numbered among those who have had practical evidence of this fact.

The Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion has already established a burse for our Seminary and is providing the keystone of its entrance arch. And the Catholic Daughters of America have recently given to the Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic, who so faithfully coöperate with Mary-

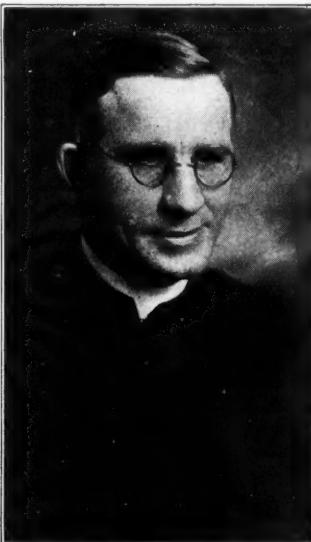
knoll, a generous amount gathered from the several councils in 1926.

The Catholic Daughters have many friends but none more valuable than some priests if we may judge from the following extract taken from a talk given in New Haven at the Hotel Taft:

Catholic Daughters:

Your faith is a most precious gift from God and must be preserved at all costs. But if it is selfish and sees not beyond the limits of your own circle, then there is danger of the loss of that gift and the consequent spiritual destruction.

History teaches us a very clear lesson in this matter. People sang



FATHER MEYER, OF MARYKNOLL
Father Meyer, now in China, says that "without schools we shall have little need of chapels"

their "Credos" and "Glorias" and were contented indeed in selfish piety, while a great crowd without was dying of spiritual starvation. Then the great test came and the people were found wanting. Your faith should be a missionary faith, seeking at all times to spread love of Christ, love for His children, no matter what language they speak or where they live.

Two of your courts in the near vicinity supplied in one year over eight thousand copies of Catholic papers, magazines, and periodicals to children of foreign-born parents. Such zeal should be universal.

Over two thousand mission books were wrapped and sent out

Plan your will carefully.

from Maryknoll in the past year. This is a good number, but not so many when it is considered that THE FIELD AFAR has half a million readers.

And the number would be ten thousand if our friends could know how attractive is every Maryknoll book.

ST. BONIFACE AND ST. PATRICK

WHAT one was to Germany, the other was to Ireland. The large proportion of FIELD AFAR readers owe their Faith to one or the other of these two great apostles—yet here is a strange story.

Burses for the education of Maryknoll missionaries were started for both some years ago. That of Saint Patrick was pushed the harder, but, in a dozen or more years, it has never gone into the list of completed burses.

Just how both were neglected we cannot explain. We were pleased, however, recently to receive a letter from Mr. Frederick P. Kenkel, Director General of the Central Bureau of the Catholic Central Verein of America, in which we find the following:

In the course of the recent annual convention of the Central Verein of Pennsylvania, held at Pottsville, the Rev. Theodore Hammeke addressed the meeting, telling the delegates that, as a steady reader of THE FIELD AFAR, it filled him with a sense of shame that the St. Boniface Burse should have remained at a standstill for so long a time. He spoke of Maryknoll and its efforts with enthusiasm and suggested that Pennsylvania should induce the national society, the Catholic Central Verein of America, to undertake to complete the Burse. In order that the suggestion might have weight, he sug-

What are you paying for books? \$2.00? \$2.50? Even more? And how many of them are worth reading again?

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FOR LIFE—\$50

THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1927

gested that those present make a voluntary offering for that purpose, adding that he himself would donate \$25.

Fr. Hammcke's words found a willing response. Total subscriptions amounting to \$501 were obtained, and, of this sum, \$376 were immediately paid—or handed to the undersigned within a day or two.

It is hardly necessary to say that it gives us great pleasure to send you this sum for the Burse in question and that we hope it may be augmented from time to time by further donations.

This is a very gratifying remittance for more reasons than one, and we are certain that the announcement will bring pleasure to many of our readers.

A WORKINGMAN'S HEART

APROMINENT business man who has followed Maryknoll activities closely for several years and is acquainted with the work of its outposts, recently said to our Superior: *You need at least a million dollars a year, and, even then, you would not have too much.*

This statement did not startle the Superior, but it would surprise many, even Maryknollers themselves, because, after all, few realize the cost of conducting any good sized establishment.

Maryknoll could today dispose of a million dollars in the interest of its own work within an incredibly short time and show for it little more than canceled obligations and some needed purchases all along the line; but, in view of past experiences, the million will not arrive because affluent friends of this work are as rare as pearls on the Atlantic seaboard.

Maryknoll has friends, however, a growing number, whose hearts are of gold and whose vision is big. And their gifts come brilliant with the fire of many sacrifices. One such appeared not long ago to brighten a dull day, and, while the writer would shudder at the possibility of disclosure, we are taking the liberty to publish anonymously the letter that accompanied the princely gift from a "workingman":

I am enclosing a check for fifteen hundred dollars which I ask you to accept and use for a Native Clergy Burse



to be known as the *St. Patrick Burse*. Fifteen hundred dollars does not mean as much to you, considering the enormous financial requirements of your Society, as it did twenty years ago, and, anyway, I realize you would prefer it stringless.

Now, I suppose it is only natural you would like to know who the writer is. I am only an ordinary working-man, getting along in years like yourself. I see your pictures in THE FIELD AFAR, from time to time, and, while they give plain evidence of your wonderful physical ability, they are not pictures of the dark-haired young priest I saw one Sunday morning many years ago in the pulpit of St. J's, pleading the cause of foreign missions.

I have been a reader of THE FIELD AFAR since it was issued from the Boston Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; so, if I don't know something of the history of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, it is because I cannot remember what I read. It was during your time at the Boston Office that I began to do my little bit in a financial way to help the missions.

Though not sure of the future by any means, I am going to take a chance (many take them for a less worthy cause), and, if past experience holds good for the future, I need not worry, for I believe it pays even in a material way to give to the foreign missions.

Now, why do I ask you to use the enclosed check for a Native Clergy Burse? Well, I am a native of the Old Sod and I feel, considering the part our race has played in the work of the Church in this country and even in that of your Society, that the good old name of Saint Patrick should top the list in some line of your various funds. I cannot understand how we Irish could have let that Seminary Burse drag along the many years it has been before us and not put it flying over the top long ago. So, while I hope the St. Teresa Native Clergy Burse will soon go over the top, I am in hopes she will come in second best to St. Patrick this time.

I ask you to be sure and let no one know who the donor of the enclosed check is. Secondly, if there are any merits or blessings to come from my offering, I hope God will send them down on my family, because it is their spiritual and temporal welfare I had in mind when I decided to go through with this matter.

Things are changing rapidly these days the world over, even in Asia. We know what happened to the French and

German money only recently. So if, in the near future, it is necessary to enlarge the amount of money for a Native Clergy Burse, let me know and I will do what I can.

DIOCESAN MISSION AID

(December 1, 1926, to January 1, 1927)

Albany—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	(Masses)
Baltimore—	(Through Home and Foreign Mission Society)	\$148.00 (also Masses)
Boston—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	255.70 (also Masses)
Brooklyn—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	210.54 (also Masses)
Cincinnati—	(Through Home and Foreign Mission Society)	60.00
Cleveland—	(Through the Catholic Missionary Union)...	5.00
Columbus—	(Through Diocesan Home and Foreign Mission Soc.).....	17.00
Fort Wayne—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	10.00
Marquette—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	(Masses)
Newark—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	18.00 (also Masses)
New York City—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	71.60
New York City (Nat'l Office)—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	(Masses)
Pittsburgh—	(Through Catholic Mission Aid Society) .	1.00 (also Masses)
Providence—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	450.00
Rochester—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	10.00 (also Masses)
St. Paul—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	10.00
Toledo—	(Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	78.00 (Masses)

BOOKS RECEIVED

Making the Eleven—	By John R. Uniack. Benziger Brothers, N. Y. \$1.
Gilded Youth—	By Martin J. Heymans; The Godless Utopia, by Joseph P. Brentano; Glimpses from American History—plays. Catholic Dramatic Co. The Rev. M. Helfen, Broaten, Minn.
An Angel of Mercy—	By the Rev. F. A. Reuter and the Rev. E. J. Ahern. John W. Winterich, Cleveland, Ohio. Price \$1 to \$2.50.
The Angel World—	By the Rev. Simon A. Blackmore, S. J. John J. Winterich, Cleveland, Ohio. \$1.75.
Lift Up Your Hearts—	By Father Lasance. Benziger Brothers, N. Y. \$2.75 to \$5.

MAKE MARYKNOLL A BENEFICIARY

BUILDING OUR BURSES

A burse is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States or on the missions.

The usual amount subscribed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for a burse in this country; fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) for a burse in Eastern Asia (this is for native students).

FOR OUR SEMINARY

St. Patrick Burse.....	\$4,282.17
St. Philomena Burse.....	4,105.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,050.00
College of St. Elizabeth Burse.....	4,035.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	3,913.13
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston	
Burse.....	3,715.51
Cure of Ars Burse.....	3,650.35
St. Michael Burse No. 2.....	3,502.45
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse.....	3,297.71
St. Anne Burse.....	3,266.63
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse.....	3,000.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse.....	3,000.00
Father Chapon Burse.....	2,905.62
St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Burse.....	2,874.00
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	2,807.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	2,761.61
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,350.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,280.85
Marywood College Burse.....	2,175.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,171.89
Mother Seton Burse.....	1,960.33
Pius X Burse.....	1,821.30
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,786.75
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,749.07
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,610.00
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	1,411.70
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.....	1,302.55
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,283.18
Immaculate Conception Patron of America Burse.....	1,191.23
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	1,101.00
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,049.11
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Francis of Assisi No. 2.....	1,000.00
St. Michael Burse.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	963.93
Susan Emery Memorial Burse.....	920.68
St. Boniface Burse.....	758.65
St. Rita Burse.....	740.15
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	724.28
St. Laurence Burse.....	646.25
Children of Mary Burse.....	438.05
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	433.01
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	430.00
St. Bridget Burse.....	410.00
Holy Family Burse.....	342.00
St. Jude Burse.....	329.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	267.00
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	228.50
The Holy Name Burse.....	206.50
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	200.00
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	192.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	164.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
All Saints Burse.....	142.28
St. Joseph Burse No. 2.....	111.00

FOR OUR COLLEGES

Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)	4,250.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,612.80
"C" Burse II.....	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	647.50
St. Michael Burse.....	646.32
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)	237.95
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	112.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	106.00

*On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

COMPLETED DIOCESAN BURSES

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse.....	\$6,000
St. Paul Archdiocese Burse (Venard)	6,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each.....	15,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse (2).....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	5,000

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incompletely burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES

St. Patrick Burse.....	\$1,500.00
St. Teresa of the Child Jesus Burse.....	1,125.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	639.50
Maryknoll Academic Burse.....	300.60
Bl. Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	100.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	\$1,827.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	\$1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Burse.....	666.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Burse.....	362.00

Please remember in your prayers the following: Rev. Albert Urique, S.S., Rev. Richard Keefe, Mrs. Mary Obert, Mr. Kottenstette, C. McLoughlin, R. E. Butler, William A. McCormick, Mrs. Catherine A. Collins, John W. Miller, Mrs. John Kelly, R. M. Town, Mrs. J. F. Dillon, Mrs. Johanna M. Conlon, T. J. Flavin, Mrs. Mary M. Boice, James O'Brien, Mrs. M. Burns, Agnes O'Brien, Mrs. J. J. Horgan, A. M. Pine, Catherine G. Smith, Michael F. Magner, Frank Sullivan, Mrs. H. L. Kelly, Elizabeth A. Weldon, Helen C. McKinley, John Cavanaugh, Alice McMenamin.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Living: Rev. Friends, 2; Sr. M. A. S.; E. F. C.; M. G.; M. J. R. and relatives; E. A. O'F and relatives; F. F.; T. J. C. and relatives; Mrs. P. J. L.; G. B.; H. A. T.; I. W.; T. P. R.; A. R. and family; S. M.; B. W. P. and relatives; L. D.; A. K. and B. K.; M. E. S. and relatives; M. E. A.; N. M.; A. M. P.; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. F.; J. P. K.; B. A. S. and E. T. S.; J. M. O.; G. N. B. and family; K. L. G.; L. M. B.; L. M. and M. M.; R. J. C.; B. G.; A. E. McC. and J. H. McC.; R. S. E.; M. E. McG.; A. A. Q.; C. A. E. and relatives; Mrs. W. A. B.; Mrs. S.; C. K.; K. H. and relatives; J. C. W.; F. D. and family; T. G.; J. G.; H. G.; C. O'B.; M. A. G.; B. O'H.; T. W.; E. G.

Deceased: Bridget E. Quinn; Peter, Abby, and Abby Mary Gatens; Thomas and Letitia Cline; John Dorsey; John A. Burke; Emily Claxton; William H. Grimes; Anna McKenna; Thomas J. Killion; James H. Patriquin; Major General William H. Hart; William F. Vetter; Martin M. Cleary; Mary Madden Cheney; Marcella R. Madden; Cornelius McCarthy; William F. Gorman; A. E. Roberts and relatives; James L. Brown; Carlos J. Hemler; Louise Waite.

LEARN SOMETHING NEW

this year about the mission work of the Church. You will find information, fascinatingly presented, in the biographies and other mission books on the Maryknoll book shelf. For example, OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT, MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS, and THE VATICAN MISSION EXPOSITION, give surveys of Catholic missions.

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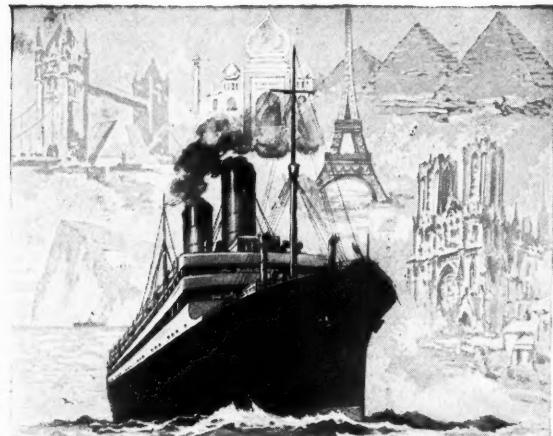


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As a diary, it is literary and delightful; as an appreciation of conditions in the Orient, it is keen and to the point; and as a plea for the foreign missions, it is shot through with intensity of love for the cause of Christ among the Orientals.

—Ave Maria.

The book is an encyclopedia of Catholic missionary information, accurate and interesting, written by a sympathetic and zealous witness. A study of its pages will make every Catholic in America a friend and helper of the work of foreign missions.

—Homiletic Monthly.

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Just de Bretenieres, of the Paris Foreign Missions, martyred in Korea in 1866.

This book is charming, so charming that, once opened, it is a sacrifice to the reader to put it down until every page has been read. Just, the martyr-hero of the story, was an attractive boy before he became the earnest, self-sacrificing priest and zealous missioner.

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—Catholic Transcript.

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The story is one of great beauty and pathos. It gains in interest from the fact that it is largely made up of Théophane's own letters. Priest and layman, old and young, will find in it much to uplift the mind and delight the heart.

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—Cath. Standard and Times.

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There are exquisite human touches, and nowhere is there any straining of the note. One cannot peruse these interesting pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's own litany of the saints, so convincing, so appealing, is his sanctity.

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